

LOVES SCHOOL

O R

A New merrry Book of Complements.

Being the Language of Love, fitted to the humours of
all sorts, Sexes and Conditions: Made up of curious
and pleasant Dialogues, and Discourses, eloquent
and delicious Letters, Songs and Sonnets.
With many other fine Fantacies, and pretty Conceits.



Once learn to Love the Lesson is most plain,
And being learnt will neer be lost again.

Printed for W. Thackery at the Angel in
Duck-lane, 1674.

LOVES SCHOOL

O X

A New merry Book of Contempts
being the a range of Love-letters to the fair
all sorts of Conditions of men and women
and pleasant Dialogues of the same
and delicious humours of the same
in many other lines of the same



LOVES SCHOOL

O R

A New Book of Complements

*A Complemental Dialogue between a young man
and a maid, licensed by her Father to make
her own choice of a Husband.*



Man.

NOW Lady your Fathers goodnes
hath left you to your selfe : I the ad-
mirer of your virgine, present my best
affections : Then save that treasure
whose life dependeth upon you, to whom my
heart presents its first devotion and in a holy
flame remains a sacrifice till you accept of it.

A 2

Maid.

Maid. I should prove my self unjust, in neglect
of one that nobly loves me, therefore that af-
fection I may bestow, I were ungrateful should
I not present it.

Man. May I become a scorn of time, and all
mens hate pursue me, when I prove so foul, as
to give you occasion to call back your love.

Maid. Cease to use hasty protestations, I as-
sure my self the pureness of your soul is with-
out spot and whilst you continue, I shall
think my self happy in such a choice.

Man. Then let me flie into your bosome and
on your lips confirm my happiness.

Maid. He he leade for shame, I esteem not
golden language, because its seldom bestowed
on man but is guild over a copper soul within.

Man. Can you be so cruel as to deem my lan-
guage feigned? Far be it from me to speak a
word should displease you.

Maid. Well? more Oratory would but
bring the rest into suspicion, let it suffice I
love you, Farewell.

Man. Farewell excellent Mistress.

A constant heart within a womans brest,
Is Ophir gold within an Ivory chest,
Then happy sure am I and blest,
For thou hast such a heart in such a brest.

Another

Loves School.

Another between *Anthony* and
Constance.



Ant. **G**OOD morrow
since *Constance*
see here what I have brought
thee from the Exchange.

Con. What mean you by
this?

Ant. Guess that by the circumstance here
is a ring, wear it for my sake: twenty angels,
pocket them you fool: Come, I know thou art
a Maid, say nay and take them.

Con. Sir fasten I beseech you no more on
me, then at ease I may shake off: Your gifts I
revere, but refuse: Pray tell me why make
you so many errands hither, send so many Let-
ters, fasten so many favours on me: What's
your meaning in it.

Ant. Mark in thy ear, ile tell thee, is it po-
ssible so soft a body should have so hard a sou,
nay now I know my pennance, you will be
angry and revile me for tempting your mo-
desty, a fig for this modesty, it hinders many a
good man from many a good turn, and that in all
the good it doth, but if thou knewest but how I
love thee thou wouldst be far more tractable.

Con. Sir, if you love me as you say, show
me the fruit thereof.

Ant.

Loves School. 7

Anth. The stock I can, the fruit thou must
see hereafter.

Con. Can I believe you love me, when you
seek the shiptozack of mine honour.

Anth. Honour, there is another word to flap
in a mans mouth, why should you and I stand
so much on our honoz, that were neither of us
yet right worshipful.

Con. Sir, I am sorry I have lent you so large
an ear to so bad a discourse. and I protest after
this hour never to do the like: and since I see
your rudeness finds no limits, I leave you.

Ant. No Constance but thou shalt not.

Con. Then keep your tongue in more mode-
rate bounds.

Ant. I will as I am virtuous I will, thou
hast my heart here already, here in my hand.

Con. But in what way sir,

Ant. In the way of marriage, in the way of
honesty. I hope thou art a Maid.

Con. Yes sir, and I accept it, in exchange
this you shall have my heart.

Ant. A bargain & here is earnest on thy lips
Look lovers look, with passion see,

If that any such there be :

As there cannot but be such.

Who do feel this noble touch ;

Cry aloud so rare a thing.

That all the hills and dales do ring.

Love's School.

A humorous conceited Fellow meeting An old but
painted Gentlewoman,



Save thee sweet parcel of
paint, You come from
the syl shop now.

Gent. How fitly, from
whence

Man. Tilly from your
scarbysac'd Physick, To behold the not
painted were a miracle.

Gent. You are a foolish fellow; call you
this pain ing;

Man. No no, but you call it careening of
an old morphewed Lady, there is rough cast
phrase to your Plastercock. Farewel.

Gent. Now the curse of Cuckolds light on
thee;

A description of a matchless Beauty.

HER hair like Hemlocks careless fall,
To deck her amorous eyes withall;
Her curious Forehead well doth show
Where Carbuncles in number grow:
But the beauty of her Nose,
Would fright a man out of his Cloaths;
And the pale brightness of her lips,
Doth force the Sun to an eclipse:

Love's School. 7

Her Cheeks of fat and foggy stoff,
Like the running droppe swell and puff:
Her precious Neck and Breast display
Her skins antiquity; for they
Like a dried dunghil chop and break,
Until her Snout begins to leak:
Her parched Fists defie the Sun,
For all the malice he hath done
Can't change her Hide, nor any stain
Corrupt it, for its dy'd in grain,
Her spacious Belly and her VVaste
Have grease sufficiently to baste
A Herd of Swine, they have such store,
A Shambles cannot purchase more:
A pound of pudding cannot suffice
Her Gut, which is of three ell size.
Her Thighs like to Colossus seem
Proportioned to her bodies teem:
But some that have her hoofs espi'd,
For fear the fools fell down and di'd.
Yet all this while I have forgot
Her tongue as still as a Cannon shot:
All parts of her I can't display,
The rost unseen the Devil may,
She is the wonder of our age,
Nor lacks she ought but a large Cage,

The

Loves School

The Resolved Lover

WHat care I though she be fair,
Hair, snow like hand, or Sun like eye,
If in that beauty I not share,
Were she deformed what care I,
What care I though she be foul,
Hair, swarthy head, or sun-burnt eye,
So long as I enjoy her soul,
Let her be so, yet what care I,
Be she fair, or foul, or either,
Or made up of both together;
Be her Hart mine, hair, hand or eye
Be what it will, why what care I.

*A Wooer sending his Mistris a pair of
white fringed Gloves.*

WHen on your white hands these Gloves
you draw
Remember Cupid and his spotless Law?
How happy are the skins that may at pleasure
Kiss your white hand & riddle all loves treasure
But they must be that thing compeld to do
But know bright fair one, when my task is don
You shall not need like these to draw me on.

Loves School.

A Song in praise of women.

ARe Women fair! Yes wondrous fair to
see too,

Are Women sweet? Yea wonderous sweet
they be too.

Are Women Saints? No Saints nor yet no
Devils.

Are women good, not good, but needful evils,
So Angel-like, that Devils do not doubt them,
So needful evils, few can live without them.

Are women proud, yea passing proud and
pride them.

Are women kind, yea wondrous kind, and
please them,

The Beggars Song.

BRight shines the sun, play Beggar play,
Here's teraps enough to serve's a day,

What noise of Viols is so sweet,
as when our merry Clappers ring,

What mirth doth want when Beggers meet,
a Beggers life is for a King.

Eat drink and play, sleep when we list,

Go where we will so stocks be mist,

The world is ours and ours alone,

for we alone have world at will.

Loves School

We purchase not, all is our own,
both fields and streets we Beggars fill,
Nor care to get, nor care to keep,
Doth ever break a Beggars sleep,
A hundred herd of black and white,
upon our Downs securely feed:
If any dare his Master bite,
he dies therefore as sure as Creed.
Thus Beggars Lord it as they please,
And none but Beggars live at ease.

A Parson to his Mistress.

My Person is Divine,
my Personage fat and fair
Then let us joyn in love,
and make a loving Pair.

Her Answer.

Your Person is Divine,
your Personage during life,
But if the Parson die,
pray where's the Parsons wife.

Loves Schoole

A young Gentleman fallen in love with a fair Lady.



Gent. **A**ll haile the more of di-
vine perfections, may al-
the blessings heauen affords shew
down on your head : vouchsafe to
cast on favorable look upon a crea-
ture wholly devoted to your service

Lady. Pardon sir, a womans
weakness if she takes the boldness to say her
shallow capacity cannot apprehend the height
of your Oratory yet I must render thanks for
your wishes, and wish I could be as thankful to
wish you in an equal affection : But since af-
fection cannot be forced, you must pardon me,
if I say I cannot love.

Gent. Not love heavens forbid that so great
cruelty should recide in so fair a creature : let
not such harsh speeches proceed from so sweet
a mouth, unless it be out of maiden bashfulness
whose strongest negatives do affirm a grant :
such I hope and wish is your denial.

Lady. I must confess sir, your thoughts I
can't hinder, yet would gladly perswade you to
believe the truth, that my denial is un'eigned
howeuer were I but assured of the reality of
your affection, I might perhaps meet your love
with an equal a burning.

Gent.

Gene. Parton (Sweet soul, my interrupting
you: if my love be not real let me be an object
of all mens scorn, and let the Heavens (as a
fair revenge of my dissembling) shower down
on me their most horrid plagues; but if it be
love, chaste and real love, let our souls meet in
reciprocal affections, and be imparadised into
fruition of each other.

Lady. As far as a Virgins modesty will
permit her: hereafter I shall be ever ready to
accomplish your desires, and obey your com-
mands, in the mean time be confident that I
am intirely yours. But time calls me away.
All happiness attend you.

A Letter to request Love of a Gentlewoman.

Considering with my self excellent Lady,
the many vertues Nature hath in a super-
abundant measure adorned you: and weighing
the insufficiency of any service I can do you;
my trembling hand is scarce able to hold the
pen, and my stammering tongue dare hardly ex-
press what my afflicted heart desireth to mani-
fest to you; yet Love who holds in his domini-
on my inflamed heart, forceth me to lay open to
your sweetest self the secrets of my love to men-
tion best. Excuse then I humbly beseech you,
these humble lines that invisibly present to your
kind hands a more humble suit than can be ex-
press,

Love's School,

pratt; I beseech you extend a gracious hand to
stay a fainting soul from dying, that without
you is nothing: whose worth and remembrance
gives me life, for I desire not to be where you
being is not, it is that only begets my joy
and makes me sensible of content, being
content equal to the enjoying such a company
on of such great worth. To conclude, I shall
expect the sentence of my life or death in your
answer, and remain so perfectly yours that
I can say nothing near it, when I say I am your
most faithful, most affectionate, and most ob-
edient servant,

J. D.

Let one grief harm us, let one joy fill us,
Let one love warm us, let one death kill us.

Her Answer.

Sir your high commendation of my worth
much beyond my desert, and the vehemence
of your expressions causeth some admiration
in me: Be assured Sir, if I finde your deeds
answerable to your expressions, I doubt not but
shall answer your expectations. In the mean
time be confident I much honour your great
worth, and shall ever remain yours,

Most humbly in the infringeable
bowels of affection, M. J.

Loves School.

To woo a Scornful Maid.



Man. **L**et not my love be mis-
 construed for presump-
 tion, if I once again do strive to
 warm your affections, by decla-
 ring unto you how much I ho-
 nor your perfection, I pray you
 at last be merciful, and do not still reward my
 love with cold disdain.

Maid. Sir, I know men have powerful lan-
 guage, but I am none of those young ones: you
 are deceived if that you think your fine words
 can sweeten me up to betray my self: For my
 beauty I would not have you vote on it, it las-
 sicth me without commendations.

Man. Should not I commend that all ad-
 mire, I were to blame.

Maid. Sir, wise men admire nothing: For if
 I were beautiful, what is beauty: but a fading
 flower, blasted often with too much breathing
 on, & cannot grow safely on the stalk of virgi-
 nity, for every one will be reaching to gather
 it: Pray excuse me if I prevent such a danger:
 for love and I are quite fallen out. And if you
 would be more thifty of your breath, you may
 spend it to better purposes: for you may inti-
 mate your desires, and make tedious discourses,
 but in a word, I shall never love you.

Man.

Love's School,

Man. I say not so, you know not how much misery you will bring on me, for the hope of your gentle disposition hath kept me alive.
Maid. Sir, I hope you will not accuse me of your death, pray shake of this Love.

Man. Whilst I live I will attend on you, and when I am dead I'll visit you in a dream, and tell you were a cruel Maid. To conclude, let one parting kiss seal my transport to the Elysium, and I am gone.

M. Sir since you are thus resolv'd He stretch to give you a better answer at your next return.

Man. In confidence of that happiness I will presume to see you again.

Love is all eyes, admits of no delay,
And through all hardship makes his way.

A jesting discourse with a Maid.

Man. Come will you be an enemy to yourself, & let modesty keep you still in the state of virginity; I come now to offer my service to help you out of this trouble.

Maid. You are very kind, but I like my present condition.

Man. Alas poor ignorance: I'll tell thee till thou art married thou art but a cipher, and art of no account.

Maid. Sir you are deceived: for all those that dye maids go to heaven.

Man.

Love School,

Man. You are deceived, their punishment
is to lead Apes in Hell.

The Lovers Protestation.

Pretty wanton, prethee stay,
Did you not see my heart to day.
Mark to know it, you shall find,
Ever constant, true and kind.
Wounds about it doth bear,
Drops about it, here and there;
In which wounds you'll find a dart,
Shot by you into my heart,
If you see it do not blush,
The wounds are fresh, and blood will gush
Into your face, and you'll be known,
To covet more then is your own:
Send it back, then let it be
Sound, as when it came to thee.

A Letter from a Lover to his Beloved.

Sweet Mistriss, Your great worth and god-
ness, compels me to discover my heart in
telling you, that I honour you more then all
the world: look not on the expressions as only
complemental, but take them as indeed they
are the real expressions of my heart, declaring
the earnest desire I have to love and serve you;
if you shall judge me worthy of so great an ho-
nour: I expect only to know your mind, that

Love's School:

So I may bear the character of your love and
labour, & to think my self happy in being your
most humble and most affectionate servant.

F. L.

Her Answer.

Sir, I will be so presumptuous seeing you
desire it, as to beleive you love me, continue
then in loving me as much as you please, for
the truth of your affection will appear by your
constant continuance in the same, and if you
be constant I shall rather lose my life, then
leave my resolution, to live and die, your most
humble and faithful servant,

E. B.

*Dick Downright of the Country, his wooing
of Doll of the Dairy.*

NOW Love and Sweetheart, by me troth
thou art: I tell the true Doll, I love thee,
Faith Wench I do, though thou art but plain
I think thee very fine.

Thy face looks brighter then the Moon,
Then scoured Pewter or silver Spoon:
Thy skin as white as Curds new prest,
As soft as wool that is new drest.

Thou canst make Cheese and Butter, and I
can Plough and Cart all day, and at night we
can

Love School

can have a cup of brown Ale and be merry :
come Wench say thou lovest me, and Ale speak
to our Parson, and if my high-shoes come home
on Saturday, we will be married on Sunday
next.

Dolls Answer.

Honest Dick, for your love I thank you : I
think thou art one of the honestest Fel-
lows in the Town, and thou shalt be my Dove
and Sweet heart, and I'll tell the true Dick, I
love thee, and heres forty good Shilling, you
shall have it all, and if thou wilt speak to our
Parson, Ale have a cup of Ale will make a Cat
speak against our wedding day, and he have a
whole bowl of milk to make us a posset ; and
that will be as brave as can be : I shall not
sleep quiet till that day comes.

Dick and Doll are soon agreed,
And will be married with all speed.

On Women.

Women good like Angels are on earth,
And of these Angels we have had a dearth :
Therefore all you that have good wives,
Respect and love them as your lives.

Loves School.

A Sonnet in praise of Love,

Cupid only do I love
Him I worship still above,
Happy's he that by the same
Wisdom to himself doth gain:
Worthy is he the bright of day,
That doth loyal love obey,
Oh how sweet is that warm desire;
To our sense no sweetness is
Half so duleid as is this,
Blessed love without all crime,
Two souls pleaseth at one time.
Then doth love his lover right,
When his love he doth requite,
Of two souls he makes but one,
In two bodies all alone.
Love more happy cannot be,
Then when we a loving couple see
Pleasure none upon the ground,
Like to love is to be found,
Pleasures pass as transitory,
But love doth still remain in glory.

A Sonnet.

Love is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing,

Loves School.

A plant that with most cutting grows,
Most barren with best using;

why so?

More we enjoy it, more it dies,
If not enjoyed it sighing cries,

high ho.

Love is a torment of the mind,
A Tempest everlasting.

And Jove hath made it a kind,
Not well, not full nor fasting,

why so?

More we enjoy it, more it dies,
If not enjoyed it sighing cries,

high ho.

The young mans song in praise of his Mistress.

I Have a Mistress for perfection rare,
In all mens eyes. but in my thoughts fair,
She is a modle of divine perfections,
Fortunes darling natures wonder,
She is the sweetest of all sweet complexions,
And of sure joys the fountainer;
In whose looks are blessings three,
Beauty, Love, and Modesty;
She is the only jewel I desire,
I can but wonder at her beauty;
She is the Lady I admire.

To

Love's School.

To whom I owe submissive duty :
 Her modest comely shapa it so exceeds,
 That unto her fair Roses seem but weeds ;
 Fairest to your praise, I do affirm and tell,
 Some may come near, few match, but none excel

Shon ap Morgan Shentilman of Wales, his
 wooing an English Sweet-heart.

Moest, Gentle, and fair one, her is told to
 tell her, her loves her, & her was bout
 to speak her love, put her was fear, cause her
 was welch-man, that her would slight her words
 and therefore her was think good to wrap her
 love in a letter, and her was pray her to take
 no exception for her countreies sake, for her was
 shentilman poyn and her was take her Pettigrew
 from King Prute, Arther and Cadwaller
 was her none cousins, and were as good men as
 any are : tis true, her was wear Sherkings of
 frize, but her has store of Coats milk, cusbob-
 by, Lacks and Dagon, which if her would sell,
 would buy her silks : and her has store of Kid
 and Goat, and great Coats wether, Runt and
 Crow, and if her once but tast her Welch-mut-
 ion, her will swear her English sheeps not
 worth a button, and therefore if her will not
 pity her pain, as God shall shooe her soul,
 was pring her out of her wits.

Her

Loves School,

Her Answer.

GOD Mr. Shon ap Morgan trouble not your self, but keep your winde to cool your porridge; for I am confirmed that a welchman can love this or that, or any woman, let her say what her will, its but the rising of her welch blood: for her fine things her has in Wales, I will not believe her for all her fine tales, for if I should believe and come there, I should see nothing but barren mountains, and a few goats on them, which is all the treasures her has; and therefore I am resolved not to love her at all; and therefore let her trouble her self no more, for by St. Taffie I will not love her.

The Welchmans Reply.

How: not love her? then he swears by cats-pitter-a-nails her will die, and her will pring her out of all her wits: and because her will take no pittie on her, put swears by St. Taffie her will not love her, her is dead, her is dead.

Stay Reader stay, more you shall know,
Love kill'd this man, no more then so.

Her

Beves Schöel.

Her Epitaph

Here lies puried under these Stones.
Shon ap Morgan, ap Shing up Shones;
Her lived in Love till new years tide,
But her was not loved and so her died.



*Reader, I am sure thou wilt not repent thee,
And I am happy to content thee :*



FINIS.

